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News Items

Western Kentucky State Normal

On January 24th the Western Normal experienced the greatest enrollment in its history. Hundreds of students, including former ones, registered on that day. A cordial welcome was extended all newcomers, special committees taking care of them, aiding them to secure board and classification easily and quickly. Organization was perfected and everything running smoothly by nine o'clock Tuesday morning. Prof. Franz J. Strahm, Director of the School of Music, added enthusiasm and inspiration to the opening exercises by playing "The Normal School March," dedicated to President H. H. Cherry.

The school voted to have February 4th as "Moving Day" for the Normal. On that day the institution will take possession of Normal Heights and we will come into the realization of dreams of long standing. Faculty and students are entering into the arrangements with zeal. A splendid spirit—the same spirit that characterizes the work of the institution everywhere—is being manifested by each individual. All are looking forward to the occasion with the greatest happiness, feeling that it will mark the greatest event in the life and work of the school.

We have just welcomed into membership of the faculty the following new members: Miss Elizabeth Wood, who has charge of the classes in German and French; Mr. W. L. Taylor, who will assist Dr. Fred Mutchler in the work in Agriculture; Mr. Joseph Wethington, Assistant Instructor in the Science Department; and Misses Margaret Acker and Katesle Bailey, both of whom will have special work in the academic department.

All persons desiring to enter the Normal any time soon, should make their arrangements to do so as soon as possible. New students have been entering daily since the opening and are getting excellent classification. Write us when to expect you. We shall be glad to meet you at the train.

The Fifth Annual Conference and Convocation of County Superintendents will be held in the new Vanmeter Hall May 3d, 4th and 5th. At this time the new building will be dedicated. A number of the most distinguished men of the nation will take part in the dedicatory exercises. President Cherry has already received acceptances from Hon. Elmer E. Brown, United States Commissioner of Education, and from Hon. S. A. Knapp, who has charge of the field demonstration work of the United States Department of Agriculture and who has done a great work in the development of rural life. Other men of note will also be here.

The Western Normal desires to thank the former students for the active and effective service rendered in the field. Many, many of the students who have just enrolled tell us of the kind things you have said and done for us. We appreciate it immensely and thank you heartily.

The School of Domestic Science and Domestic Arts will be opened April 4th. We have just secured the service of one of the ablest instructors in this department to be found in the country, and she will be with us at an early date, in order to make the necessary preparation in the way of equipping the department, etc. Miss Iva Scott, whom we have elected to this position, is a graduate of the famous Stout Home-Making Institute, Menomonie, Wisconsin.

The Elevator

GOING UP?

FEBRUARY, 1911.



BOWLING GREEN, KENTUCKY.

Students Are Always Welcome

E. HUGH MORRIS DRUGGIST

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INCORPORATED

Is the Home of Quality and Service

Try us and be Convinced. G. G. GARDNER is Our State Normal Representative.
PHONE 700. B. J. BORRONE, Manager.

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Dry Goods and Everything to Wear

We are Sole Agents for the following lines, which are superior.

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NEW BOOKS, a complete line of them, and all that is latest in the way of School Supplies always on hand.

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SPECIAL EFFORTS made to meet the demands of the Normal Students.

MAIL ORDERS given prompt attention.

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The First Store Down Town.

For All Kinds of

Pennants, Class Pins, Flags, Etc.

SEE

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THE ELEVATOR



Vol. II.

BOWLING GREEN, KY., FEBRUARY, 1911.

No. 5

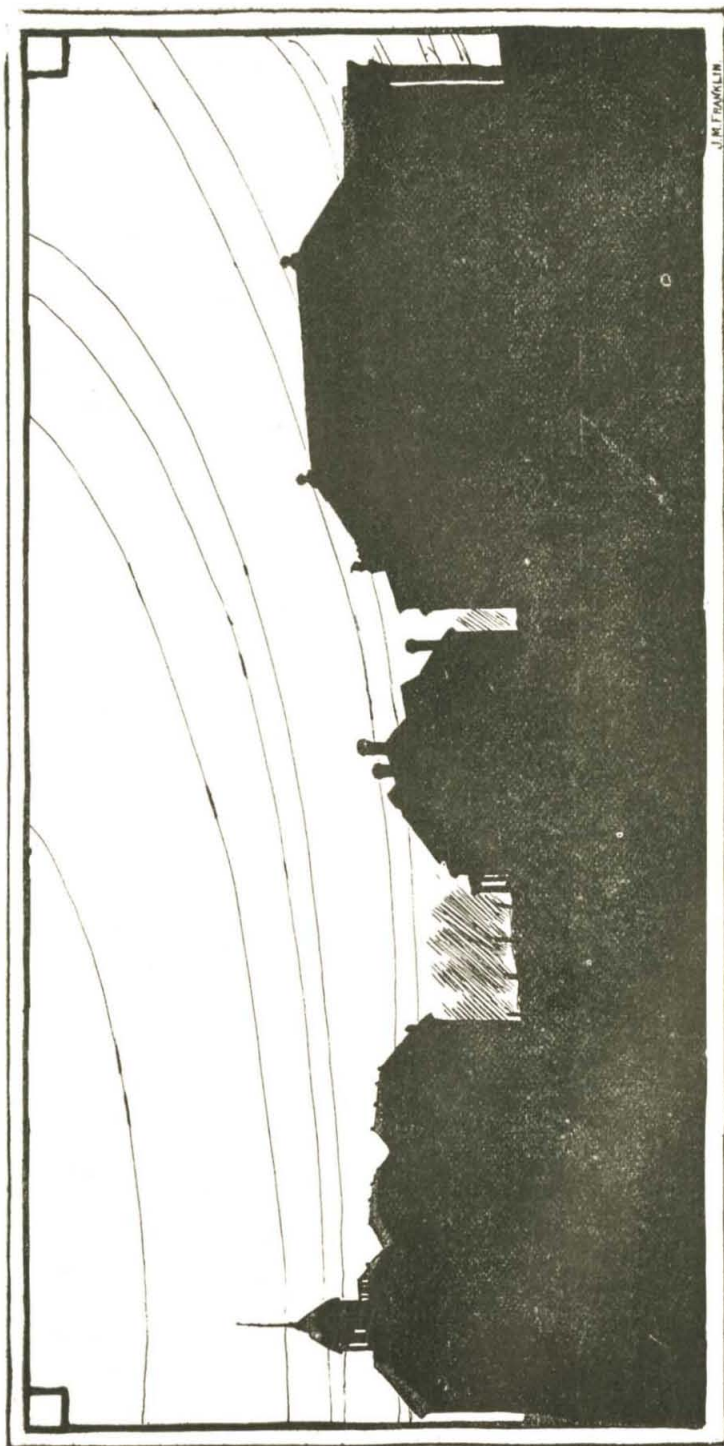
The Mid-Winter Opening

BY MARY CRUTCHER.

Only a few weeks ago we heard the mighty army of teachers who have taught very successful schools in the various parts of Kentucky cry in unison: "We are coming, we are coming; give us room," and they did come. Never since the old school has been in existence have so many students entered the Normal at one time as at the opening of the Mid-Winter Term. From Calloway, from Casey, from Daviess, and many other counties they cease to come in crowds and come in parties, from counties where they used to come as individuals now they come in crowds.

Early on January 24 the offices were filled and the halls were crowded with new students, some anxiously waiting for matriculation, some eager to see into the class-rooms, and some wanting to clasp the hand of some known friend. This was a pleasant scene, intensified by the revival of old acquaintances and the forming of new ones.

At 9 o'clock the doors were opened to Vanmeter Hall and in less than ten minutes there was not a vacant seat to be found either in hall or balcony. President Cherry called the house to order, and after a very cordial greeting by the President and the old student-body, the students were made to feel that they were not cast into an unknown place, but that they were really a part of the institution, and I believe they really felt they were "glad to be here" when Professor Strahm finished the "Normal March." The board was next



Normal Heights—February, 1911

placed upon the rostrum and in a very short time the organization was practically completed and the new work begun.

"Make room for these teachers?" We gladly welcome them into our midst, and we have now enlarged our building so we can welcome as many more.

We cannot help but feel that the dreams and imaginative pictures that President Cherry has been making these many years are no longer dreams and pictures, but that they are now being transformed into realities.

With such an opening we feel there has been some unknown power at work in our dear old State which is causing a deeper and stronger interest to be taken in the greatest struggle Kentucky has ever known, and with such a band of earnest, hard-working students under the guidance of the well-equipped faculty, we know the destiny of the race will be changed, and that civilization will soon advance far beyond the dreams of the most hopeful.

The Call Answered

BY ELLA JUDD.

The sun threw one last furtive gleam over the frosted autumn foliage before sinking behind a low range of forest-crowned hills which encircled the city of Ravonne. The waters of a river which flowed in a winding little valley on the west of the city were, for an instant, tinted with gold; but the gleam vanished, to be absorbed by the misty spray of many fountains which adorned the spacious grounds of a magnificent mansion, standing proudly aloof from the village, separated by the expanse of water.

Without, all was beauty; and within, all was splendor. On a rich divan, drawn up before the glowing coals, Celeste Hayden reclined. Her head rested lightly on her hand as she gazed meditatively into the fire.

She could not be called beautiful; yet the expressive dark eyes in which a dormant fire was lurking, the poise of her

head, and the strong, white fingers tapping reflectively her flushed cheek, all told of a noble purpose and strong determination.

Presently she rose and walked to a window which overlooked the city. The fire in her eyes grew brighter, but the parted lips quivered, as her glance lingered a moment on a small building beyond the river. She turned hurriedly from the window, and seating herself at the piano, began to play. Gently her fingers touched the keys, and they responded with a rich, plaintive melody, filling all the room with its sweetness.

The music ceased as a lady swept into the room. Her evening dress of satin glittered with jewels, whose gleaming light was not less cold than the haughty countenance of the lady. She glanced toward the piano, and seeing the girl, exclaimed:

"What! not dressed yet, and the carriage is at the door! Hurry, or we shall be late."

"Mother, do you care if I do not go to-night?" answered the girl. "Mr. Bright was here this afternoon, and he asked me to play at the night school which has been established for those who cannot attend during the day. They have many earnest helpers, among them a young man of talent who has just come to the city. I have often said that I should like to do something worth while, and I assured Mr. Bright that he could depend upon me."

Mrs. Hayden had been standing as if stunned while Celeste was talking. She could not believe that Celeste was so indifferent to her social position as to accept such a lowly call. She scolded and coaxed; but finding both ineffective, she declared that as her daughter, Celeste must be guided by her experienced hand; and if she refused, she must be forever excluded from her protection.

Mrs. Hayden turned abruptly, and passed from the room, leaving Celeste to fight a most desperate battle alone. Again she drew out the sheet of music and read the title, "The Call."



"And Georgie didn't tell a lie; he did it all with his little hatchet."

Lola Riosby.

She bowed her head and wept.

The memories recalled by the music overpowered her lonely spirit.

A few years before, she had lived with her parents and an only brother in a neat little cottage, near a famous summer resort. Her parents were not wealthy; but by earnest labor, they were able to live in comfort. There was one tie which bound the little family together—the love of music.

The father and mother were skilled musicians, and the children were carefully trained. Each day the brother and sister kept the little home, while their parents went out to instruct in the nearby village. In the evening they would gather around the old-fashioned piano, and forget all save the sweet stories which it told.

Suddenly, the mother's spirit joined that of the angels; then that of the father, too, drifted away.

With his enfeebled hand, he had written two sheets of music—"The Call," and had dedicated them to the children. They sang of the beautiful ideals of childhood, its great possibilities, its tender appeals for help, and lastly, the priceless reward of those who would care for the little bud until it should open into a full-blown blossom.

Being left alone, the children were separated. Celeste was placed in the care of the wealthy Mrs. Hayden; and her brother was adopted by a famous musician and taken to Germany. Before their final parting, the brother and sister had bound their youthful hearts with a solemn pledge to love and cherish the music and be true to its teachings.

They had grown up far apart, and often Celeste wondered if her brother were faithful to his childhood vow.

Mrs. Hayden had lavished all the love of her worldly heart on the adopted daughter, giving her all that wealth and influence could bestow; yet denying her the one thing which she most desired—sympathy with her most cherished plans.

Celeste glanced about the room with its costly, beautiful furnishings. Taste and refinement were reflected in every-

thing. The floor was covered with rare oriental rugs; valuable art treasures decorated the walls, and many other furnishings from East and West brightened the apartment. Must she give up all this, and accept the call? If her brother would only come, he might help her to answer.

She lifted her head quickly. Was it the lingering memories of olden times, or did she hear a familiar sound? She sprang to the window and threw it wide open. All was silent and she was about to close it, disappointed, when the sound of a few lingering notes was wafted to her by the breeze. She leaned far out of the casement and listened. Some one was playing in the little chapel beyond the river. There was a pause, then the little organ seemed to respond to the touch of a master, and the melody floated out upon the evening stillness.

With bated breath Celeste listened. Sweet and gentle as the innocence of youth was the music then it gathered in volume and seemed to pour forth the sound of many childish voices,—gentle, pleading, earnest; then it blended into one of triumphant joy, soared heavenward, lingered caressingly over all and sank, slowly, softly; and all was still.

The girl's face was aglow. It was "The Call," and only her brother could play it!

She hastily threw a light wrap about her shoulders, ran down to the river and sprang buoyantly into a skiff. Quickly she crossed the stream, and in a few moments entered the building. Passing quietly up the aisle, she reached, unnoticed, the side of the musician.

He was speaking to Mr. Bright. She heard her name and saw the troubled look on his face as he spoke of his sister. She touched his hand; he turned quickly and the look of sadness was lost in one of joy.

The call was answered.

Thoughts at the Tomb of Washington

BY MATTIE MORGAN.

The sun, just rising, has partly dispelled the gloom and touched the few remaining clouds with a faint glow; the rain still glistens on the fresh, new grass that has just begun its work of carpeting the earth with its richest green. A hushed silence pervades the place and adds a touching air of reverence to the scene, as I stand before the tomb of our noble hero, who began his worthy life on this, the twenty-second of February.

Standing as though alone, I think of this man's life and how he made use of his opportunities. The month of February recalls, also, another man, very unlike and yet like him, in his greatness, and I think of these lives spent for the good of the nation.

I see Washington, as a brilliant youth, ready to face any danger and brave any tempest to do what he feels his duty; and Lincoln, an ambitious boy, with a high ideal, which he is striving to reach, despite the many difficulties to which poverty subjects him.

I see Washington at Fort Duquesne, surrounded by the war-loving Indians, with the sound of their terrific war-whoops ringing in his ears. I see him a noble, commanding figure standing in the forefront of the nation's life—commander-in-chief of the forces that are to fight and win the loved American liberty; while I think of Lincoln going through his tasks of toil and see him, as he steals an hour from his labor, out in the woods surrounded by beauties, of which he thinks not, striving tirelessly to master the contents of his books, or in his humble little room by the light of the pine torch, whose faint light shows the plain furnishings.

I recall the moment of their lives when each was chosen to the highest position our country can offer to her most loyal son. I seem to go with Washington on his triumphal

march and hear the exclamations of joy and praise, see the pathway of flowers, over which he is to go, and feel that he is now to lead the country in very truth, as he has led his army, evading Cornwallis and turning the tide at Monmouth; but I see Lincoln when the whole country is torn by civil war, with his masterful intellect endeavoring to preserve the Union. Sympathetic and just with all, he stands an indispensable figure in this strenuous warfare.

Lastly, I think of the close of the lives of these honored men. I remember how that Washington, in his quiet, but pleasant home, still was a true, loyal citizen, interested always in the nation's welfare. And I feel the terrible throb of pain that was felt by the people, when they knew his useful life was ended. Then I think of Lincoln, as his much-needed life was taken by the hand of a heartless murderer, and the country was left to mourn for a kind, true man and regret the loss of his aid in binding together, more closely than before, the States of the Union.

It is well that each succeeding February should bring to our minds a sense of thankfulness for lives thus spent; just as the spring ever brings the thought of the flowers that bloomed the year before.

I look up to find the sky once more draped with one vast curtain of leaden gray and know that I have stood here long lost in reverie, yet I feel I am only loyal to these heroes long since at rest.

—oOo—

Patriotism

BY FINLEY C. GRISE.

Every liberty-loving American should feel his fires of patriotism being rekindled as he recounts the deeds and recalls the simple greatness of our two greatest Presidents whose birthday anniversaries we are soon to celebrate. Those exponents of liberty ever stand for mankind as the incarnation of the holy sentiment of patriotism, and the lessons they lived to teach shall reign in the hearts of their

countrymen forever. Among the nobler feelings which appeal most strongly to men and influence their characters to a great degree, we find the impulse to revere and honor not only the great ones of our country, but also all who have had to do with its building. Closely associated with this is the love of posterity and the combined powers of the two materially influence nations as well as individuals. The chieftain of the ancient Britons, who endeavored to rally his followers for one more struggle against the Roman invaders, struck a responsive chord in the hearts of those barbarians when he said: "Think of your forefathers and your posterity." Yet, however great the influence of the memory of our heroes and the enumeration of their deeds of bravery and unselfish patriotism, true love for our country cannot be based upon these alone.

To be the real spirit, which has always thrilled the souls of great people, our American patriotism must needs have a feeling which allies itself with the soil, its manifold production, the natural scenery, the trees, the birds, the wild creatures of the forest and fields and everything that is distinctly American. To be familiar with the periods of our history and to have knowledge of our constitution and laws are essential in the education of every American citizen, but his training should not end here. "These things represent the intellectual part of our patriotism," but its real part is produced by our nation's romance, and all those things which first impress and bring to bear the most lasting influences upon the life of the individual.

Patriotism is poorly worth the name if it implies no more than the habit of association which attaches the savage to his hunting-ground or the wild beast to his hiding-place.

True patriotism is something more than blind instinct.

Neither is it a sentiment or a workshop, it is more a principle of duty and it "becomes more munificent as it grows more enlightened." It is a spirit that prompts a man to give his first affection to his own country, and yet at the same time be willing to include all other friendly nations within

the scope of liberal consideration, and above all, to seek the society of the spirit and arts of peace.

No nation can expect to take its place among the powers of the world without warm and devoted patriotism. "It is irresistible, unconquerable, and universal." It is the soul of any nation, and in this respect our own beloved country has been thrice blessed. May she continue to produce men who shall amass golden thoughts, golden wisdom, golden deeds, and not mere golden dollars; men who prefer to have thought-capital, and character-capital, to cash-capital.

May we ever feel that our interests are mutual and that our country's peace and prosperity, its respect and greatness are equally precious to all—thus completing and adorning its past history by acts most worthy of a wise, free and illustrious people.

—————oOo—————

Exchanges

To the stranger within your gates—
In New England—"What do you know?"
In New York—"How much you got?"
In the South—"Who are you?"
In the West—"What can you do?"—Life.

—————
"Who was Noah's wife, pa?"
"Joan of Arc, my boy. Now, run away."—Ex.

—————
The Aurelian, one of our newest exchanges, is an excellent school paper.

—————
Freshman Hopeful: "How do you like my soft, new hat?"
Sophomore: "All right. Just suits your head. What do you think of my new shoes?"

Freshman H.: "They're immense. Suit your feet, don't they?"—The Purple and Gold.

—————
The "Norton County High School Quill" came out in a very attractive dress the first issue this year.

Mr. Honey Mooner (at lunch): "Pettie, there's something the matter with the tea; it's hardly lukewarm."

Mrs. Honey Mooner (apologetically): "Yes, dear, I know; but you see, I couldn't risk having it any warmer. The box was labeled 'Gunpowder Tea.'"—The Wheat.

Inventor: "Airships are just in their infancy."

Farmer: "Yes, but they are mighty hard to raise."—The Huisache.

New Minister: "Do you think they approved of my sermon?"

Minister's Wife: "I think so, they were all nodding."—The Huisache.

The Freshman burned the midnight oil,
And likewise the midnight taper,
Thinking on what to write a theme,
Which at last he wrote on—paper.
—The Royal Purple.

Give to the school the best you have, and the best will come back to you.—The Maniton.

Mr. Batts: "Edyth, why were you late at school this morning?"

Edyth: "Why, uh, I wore my hobble-skirt and it took me longer than I expected."

Mr. Matheney: "Miss Guyla, will you share my lot?"

Miss Guyla: "Yes, when you have a house on it that is yours."—The Owl.

—oOo—

Miss Celia Hurt, who is doing splendid public school work in Calloway County; Miss Lottie Hicks, of the Hazel High School, and Miss Ida Nance and Mr. Bert Smith, of the Murray Graded and High School, send us word that April or June will find them back at the Normal.

THE ELEVATOR

GOING UP?

A monthly journal, published by the Student Body of the Western Kentucky State Normal School, and devoted to the best interests of education in Western Kentucky.

GORDON WILSON, Editor

ASSOCIATES:

ELIZA STITH	H. W. WESLEY	FINLEY C. GRISE	C. W. ANDERSON
TULA CHAMBERS	T. T. JOHNSON	MAUD LEE HURT	ELLA JUDD
LULA RJGSBY		BLANCHE VANMETER	

Prof. W. J. CRAIG, Faculty Representative.

Entered as second-class matter February 8, 1910, at the postoffice at Bowling Green, Kentucky, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

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VOL. II. FEBRUARY, 1911. NO. 5

As a result of the illness of our efficient editor, which was announced in our last issue, the paper is now under new management. In presenting this, our first number, we ask the earnest support of the student-body and friends of education in making the ELEVATOR the best school paper in our nation.

One of the brightest promises in the life of the student-body is the newly-awakened love for music. Much of this is due to Professor Strahm and his co-workers, who, to quote a member of the faculty, "are *real* musicians." The personality of these teachers has given the chapel singing a new impetus and we are quite sure that the periods for general practice on songs on Tuesdays, Wednesdays and Thursdays will be productive of much good.

Before this issue is in the hands of its readers the ELEVATOR will be in its new home on Normal Heights. We're "going up" indeed, but our real advancement must be due to the combined efforts of faculty, staff, and students.

We need more humorous articles and a greater abundance

of jokes in the ELEVATOR. If you have a funny thought, write it out or tell us about it.

—o—

In a recent chapel talk Dr. Kinnaman stressed the importance of Bible reading by the students. We do not think that this can be emphasized too strongly, for a great tendency of our age is to neglect the dear old Book.

—o—

It is highly probable that sometimes there will be discords in our little paper. We are not supposed to be publishing an art magazine, however, and we trust if our words do not sound like "linked sweetness long drawn out" that their very roughness is a prophecy of originality when it is removed from the abundance of alloy around it. If we need criticism, do not hesitate to tell us—not the other fellow.

—oOo—

Seniors and Juniors

Owing to the fact that a number of requests have come for a list of the Seniors and Juniors, we give below a complete list, revised to date.

Seniors: Margaret Acker, G. Ivan Barnes, Dora Russell Barnes, Mary Crutcher, Mary Collins, Tula M. Chambers, Elizabeth Davis, Ethel Featherston, Julia Franklin, Norma Gibson, J. J. Hornback, Oliver Hoover, Lester Hurt, Mabel R. Mercer, Mary E. Northern, J. W. Odell, S. C. Ray, P. G. Smith, Nannie C. Stallard, Eliza A. Stith, Paul H. Seay, Blanche VanMeter, Harry C. Weir, Belinda Crenshaw, Blanche Carr, T. A. Humble, C. W. Bailey, Zola White and Willie B. Fogle.

Juniors: C. W. Anderson, Bessie Beck, Eva Belle Becker, Evart Bratcher, Della Combest, Lena L. Dulaney, Estelle Gossam, Ruth Gray, F. C. Grise, Eliza Hale, Pearl Turner, Mrs. Della Langston, Arleen Mannix, Ora Lee Markham, Lorena Waddle, Bertie Layman, J. R. Kirk, T. T. Johnson, Corbett McKenney, Elsa McGinnis, D. P. Morris, Nelle Peterson, Lula Rigsby, Gabie Robertson, Myrtle Jordon, J. V.

Rodgers, Salle C. Summers, Opal Taylor, Arizona Tims, Verda Watson, Eva Watters, Gordon Wilson, Alta Barnhill, Bessie Myers, Ina Foy, Helen Allen, Nonie Carson, M. C. Ford.

—oOo—

Marriages

A distinct feature of the Normal not mentioned in the BULLETIN is its matrimonial air. Our students have caught the spirit, if by the token of deeds "ye shall know them." Every mail brings a wedding invitation or announcement, every breeze bears onward the merry tones of wedding bells. "Train a Normal student up in the way he should go," the Kentucky Solomon will write in the future, "and when he has arrived at a suitable age he will give unto the preacher a wedding-fee." Just listen!

Miss Carrie Dodson, of Oakton, Hickman County, to Dr. Wright, of Beelerton.

Miss Emma Hudson, of Rocky Hill Station, to Mr. Bradshaw, of near Glasgow.

Miss Eva Hankins, of Muhlenburg County, to Dr. Logan Felts, January 22.

Miss Clyde Mayfield, of Barren County, to Mr. Ivan Allen, January 25.

Rufus McCoy, teacher of Mathematics in the Cloverport High School, and Miss Carrie Pate, of the same city.

Miss Mary Starr, Supervisor of Art in the Public Schools of Bowling Green, to Mr. Lively, of Warren County.

—oOo—

Mr. Taylor (in Agriculture): A recently published book is entitled "Half Hours with Insects." What a lively half-hour one can have with a bee.

Oddities

"For to-morrow you may take the next ten propositions," said Professor Alexander, just before Christmas to his class in Geometry.

"You certainly have the spirit of giving," quickly answered Mr. Hurt.

One of the teachers a short time ago asked all the members of his class what they intended to do when they got to be "big folks." The boys are highly gratified at the fact that most of the girls intend to specialize on Domestic Science.

Owing to the fact that Professor Alexander has such a hard time taking care of his property, the faculty have thought it wise to appoint as a special committee to look after the interests of the aforesaid gentleman the following persons: Mrs. Alexander, president; Dr. Kinnaman, secretary; Miss Reid, Professor Green and Professor Craig. They report fine progress.

Dr. Mutchler (in Biology): Mr. Ford, tell us what soil is.
Mr. Ford: Soil is mud with the water squeezed out.

Miss Chambers (in the Training School): Children, please refrain from elucidating your cogitations in technicalities that one whose vernacular is inadequate to the comprehensibility of extenuating circumstances may discriminate relative to the fundamentals of sanitation so essential to the amelioration and alleviation of humanity.

Mr. Stickles: Some of the most successful men in politics have been those who have had little to say.

Miss Reid: There you go—always doing your best to discourage women.

Mr. Barnes: What sort of a table do you set at your house?

Landlady: Table of weights and measures. The first long and the latter short.

Dean Kinnaman (in Psychology): Do you believe in dreams, Gardner?

Bunyan: Indeed, I do. Last night I dreamed that I was awake and this morning the dream came true.

Mrs. Leiper: My husband was delayed all night by a wash-out.

Mrs. Cherry: My husband was there, and he said it was a blow-out.

Mr. Wesley: "Children, have you ever seen a crank?"
"Yes, many times."

Mr. Dunn: What have you for rooms?

Landlady: Five dollars and up.

Mr. Dunn: But I am a student.

Landlady: Well, five dollars down.

—oOo—

Personals

Mr. M. H. Judd, Life 1909, is superintendent of the graded and High School at Barbourville, Ky. In sending in another year's sub. recently, he writes: "Permit me to congratulate you on the *freshness* of your publication. Long, high, and rapid may you upward rise."

A. J. Boatright, Life '10, writes for us to change his paper to Barfield, Ark. Mr. Boatright, we are told, is meditating the publication of a philosophical volume as a companion book to that classic, "Three Years in Arkansas."

Good reports come from Ekron, Ky., where three of our good people are teaching. They are: B. F. and Logan Stillwell and Miss Nannie Hicks.

Don't forget to renew for the ELEVATOR.

The Oratorio Society is preparing to give a public program on Washington's Birthday.

Miss Mildred Coffman, of Madisonville, in sending in her renewal recently sends also best wishes to all the Normalites.

Some of the county delegations are organizing themselves for better work. This is the proper thing to do. Let others follow suit.

Miss Pearl Roper, who is teaching her second school at Bennett, Hickman County, will return to the Normal the first of April.

We have heard fine reports of the excellent work done by Miss Alpha Long in her school at Gilead, near Smith's Grove, Ky.

Rafe Jones, the principal of the graded school at Oakton, intends to return to our midst at the opening of the spring term.

We are glad to see a number of students who were here in 1907, 1908 or 1909 returning to us again. They know a good thing when they see it, sure.

State Inspector McKenzie Todd visited us at the new building Tuesday morning, February 6. He urged the students to acquaint themselves with the school laws of our State, so as to be able to cope with the problems now confronting us.

Early E. Smith, who is in school at Vanderbilt University, in sending in his renewal says: "Being away down

here in a medical school, which is different from the Normal, I find my thoughts drifting back to the school and the many friends made there during the three years I was a student there. To make these thoughts more vivid the ELEVATOR is the thing I need." Early always was a "smart boy," anyway.

So far reaching is the effect of the W. K. S. N. S. that it brings to our midst even the superintendents. Ex-Senator J. C. Lay, superintendent of schools of Casey County, spent several days with us at the beginning of this term. He brought with him a number of students, making thirty-four out of seventy-two teachers enrolled in the Normal. He gave us a greeting in chapel and promises better attendance from Casey County next year. He left with us a most welcome companion—a half-dollar. We see no other way of rewarding his generosity than by sending him the ELEVATOR. With him came Miss Martha Tilford. They, with Miss Frazee, are working on the course of study for the public schools of Casey.

Chester Shaw, of Etowah, Tenn., sends us greetings (and another year's subscription).

Miss Willie Fogle, primary teacher in the Middleburg High School, has entered the Senior class.

Allie Gaines, a former Normalite, and at present in the B. G. B. U., has entered the race for Representative from Butler County.

Miss Madge Hunter, who is teaching in the seventh grade of the city schools of Fairfield, Ill., says in a recent letter to THE ELEVATOR that she is lost without our paper.

Mr. I. J. Wallis, of Rinaldo, Trigg County, sends us a letter saying that he has sent four sons and one daughter to

the Normal, one of whom graduated in 1909, and is now Principal of the Union Baptist High School, Bodcaw, Ark. Another son is assisting him.

—oOo—

ATHLETICS.

Since the weather man has been handing out some fine weather for the past few weeks we see the boys wearing broad smiles, and it is reasonable enough when you can hear the conversation which prompts such facial expressions. A few cases of baseball fever have already developed, and by the time the season has opened there will be at least fifty cases. They will all be well cared for at the Diamond Hospital.

We have hopes of being able to secure a professional coach and thereby put out an excellent team.

Give us your support, boys, and let's have a winning team this year.

—oOo—

GO AND DO THOU LIKEWISE!

FINNEY, KY., February 8, 1911.

THE ELEVATOR, *Bowling Green, Ky.*

DEAR PEOPLE: Inclosed, find two and one-half dollars, for which you will please send me THE ELEVATOR for the next five years. You see, I hope to live that long, and as sure as I live I'll want the paper, and I am equally sure that it will be in existence; so I feel no uneasiness whatever in renewing my subscription for that length of time.

Fraternally,

R. W. EVERETT.

This needs no comment, as it tells its own story in unmistakable tones.

—oOo—

Johnny had been studying his spelling lesson and learning definitions, particularly of words with prefixes from the Greek. He had defined monologue as a soliloquy, or "one man talking to himself."

"Now, what is a conversation between two persons?" asked his teacher.

"A dialogue."

"And between more than two persons?"

"A pollywog," answered Johnny, promptly.

During Baseball Season.

"Please, sir, me grandmudder—"

"Tell me a new one, Johnny."

"—Promised to take me to the game to-day if you'll lemme off."

And he got off.

"Why are you so sure there is no such thing as the fourth dimension?"

"Because," replied Professor Strahm, "if there was I'd have it."

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